

THE LADY'S  
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

No. 14.

VOL. VI.]

New-York....Saturday, January 30....1808.

*Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.*  
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VALERIE ;

OR,

THE GHOST ALIVE !

I WAS quartered in a small town of Languedoc, when I received an invitation from a friend to pass the Christmas holidays at an old castle, built on the rocks of the Cevennes. Young ladies, officers, and amiable neighbours, composed our cheerful society, and good nature and confidence enlivened our circle. What pleasures we enjoyed ! none sought to shine exclusively, and all were satisfied. Various amusements employed the whole of the day ; in the evening we gathered around a blazing fire, each related a tale, and as our young ladies were very fond of the marvellous, ghosts and apparitions were the common topics of our conversation. The season, the place, the hour, augmented the terrific effect of those relations ; the nights were long and dark ; the country buried in snow, and the owls, ancient inhabitants of the crumbling towers, answered each other from the old battlements with loud and monotonous cries. As soon as the stories commenced, the

circle became by degrees narrower, the hearers drew close to each other, and feigned to laugh, while in truth they trembled with fear : and the speaker, often seized with a sudden fit of quaking, remained silent and dared not turn his eyes either towards the end of the spacious saloon, where he fancied he heard the clanking of chains, or towards the lofty chimney, whence he almost expected the ghost to stalk forth.

One of the most amiable members of our society was a young Italian lady, called Valeria, who joined to the brilliancy of wit, a mildness and equanimity of temper which nothing could alter ; her large black eyes were languid, and her beauty seemed to derive greater charms from the paleness which continually overspread her cheek, and even invaded her lips, and when she spoke, it seemed as if a statue of alabaster was becoming animated.

During our terrific relations, Valeria shewed more courage than any of our ladies. She did not seem affected, but listened, smiled, and far from doubting the facts, found them very simple and natural. We were piqued at her indifference, and once intimated our surprise ; this was her answer :

"I do not wonder, my friends, that such common stories should astonish you, as none of you, perhaps, have ever seen a ghost."

"You have then seen one," exclaimed I, hastily. "I have done better," answered she, laughing; "I have been *one* myself, and am still *one*, and it is a ghost that now addresses you."

At these words we all involuntarily shrunk back, but Valeria, with her soft and irresistible voice, recalled us, bade us resume our seats, and whilst holding each other by the hand, we beheld her with terror, and fancied at every moment we discovered some signs of the other world in her face, she quietly continued her discourse.

It is no fault of mine, my friends, to have died ten years ago; it is a misfortune to which we are equally exposed; but what is more extraordinary, I have since that period found myself infinitely more happy. It is true that the troubles I experienced during my life, have repaid fully for the happiness I enjoy since my death. It is proper I should relate to you what happened to me until that fortunate instant, and you will then perceive that death alone could ensure me tranquility in the world.

I was born at Florence, of rich and noble parents, whose only child I was. Proud of his birth, my father lamented every day that he had no son to support his name, and

soured by what he thought a disappointment, he thought himself without children, because he had no son.

Our palace was contiguous to the house of an old nobleman, of small fortune, but much beloved and respected, the Marchese Orsini. He was a widower, and devoted his life to the education of his only son, Octavian. This young man was about my age, and as my father and the old Orsini had served in the same army, they visited each other very frequently, and Octavian was accustomed from his infancy to come familiarly to our house, where my mother loaded him with kindness.

I had not attained the age of fourteen, and Octavian was the chosen friend of my heart; he was so mild, so handsome, and so amiable, that I loved him more ardently than a sister loved her brother. To him I confided my pleasures and my pains, and in return was trusted with all his secrets. Before my father and mother we feigned indifference, seemed entirely occupied with play, and even sometimes quarrelled; but as soon as we entered the garden, or the small wood at its extremity, we ceased to quarrel and to play. Octavian spoke only of his love, pressed my hands, and often ventured to kiss my lips, swearing he never would have any other wife than Valerie. I made similar promises, and received without blushing his innocent caresses.

One evening my father found us in a dark retired bower ; Octavian was at my feet, holding my hands, and as the fear of being overheard, made him speak in whispers, our faces almost touched each other. My father's anger equalled our terror, he commanded me in a terrible voice to return to my mother ; I obeyed trembling ; and from a distance I heard him reproach Octavian, and forbid him to enter his house again, and I saw the beloved youth leave our palace in tears.

The next day, as my mother sought to appease my father's anger, the old Marchese Orsini was announced. His noble and serious air, his silver locks and august features, inspired me with veneration ; I was sent away, and all that came to my knowledge was, that after a long and violent conversation, they parted in a passion, and hatred succeeded thirty years of friendship.

My father surrounded me with spies to watch my conduct, and I was not even allowed to go to church. My health was soon impaired, and I should have yielded to the stings of affliction, had not my mother shewn me the most tender attentions, and soothing pity.

Time glided away without softening my sufferings, when one evening after supper I took advantage of the absence of my father, to go and pour forth my griefs in the little bower where all my mis-

fortunes commenced. I placed myself on the same turf where I had been seated near Octavian, and bedewed it with my tears. His ardent protestations of love seemed to sound anew in my enchanted ears ; I repeated all my former vows ; when, on a sudden, a man rushed into the bower, and threw himself at my feet. Terrified, I was attempting to fly, but the voice of Octavian made me return.

'Listen to me,' said he, 'I have but an instant, and it is the last. This night I leave Florence ; my father has obtained a company of horse for me in the Imperial army. War with Prussia has begun ; I am going to die or deserve your hand. I will signalize myself in the first campaign ; the Emperor will desire to see me ; I will throw myself at his feet, and declare our love to him. Joseph is young, he surely has a feeling heart, he will speak in my favour to his brother, the Grand Duke ; your father will not dare to disobey, and you will be the reward of valour and constancy ; I ask no more than a year Valerie ; promise, swear, that during that time you will resist the importunities of your father, and at the end of that period, I shall be dead, or unworthy to become your husband.'

I listened, breathless and palpitating with love, hope, and fear. I swore eternal fidelity. We agreed to correspond through the means of a servant gained over by Octavian, the same who had given him

access to our garden : a rustling noise among the bushes obliged us to separate. I tore myself from Octavian's arms, and returned to my chamber, where I spent the night in tears.

During the first ten months that followed the departure of my Octavian, I remained in the same situation. My father treated me with the same severity, and my mother with her accustomed tenderness. The servant gave me punctually the letters he received, and each announced new successes. General Laudhon shewed great friendship for Octavian ; he made him his aid-de-camp, and promised to raise him to the first rank.

At the end of ten months, I ceased all at once to receive news from Octavian ; trembling for his life, but secure as to his constancy, I wrote letter upon letter without any answer. I sent the servant to Marchese Orsini's house, to try adroitly to discover whether any news from him had been received by his father. The answer appeased my fears, without lessening my grief. Octavian had written the day before that he enjoyed good health, had been promoted to the rank of colonel, and intended to spend the winter at Vienna, with General Laudhon.

At the same period, a cousin of my father's arrived from Germany, and settled himself in our house. He was tall and lean, about the age of forty-five or fifty ; his com-

plexion was dark, and his features expressed craft and malignity ; his disposition was cold and gloomy ; he spoke but of his nobility ; he had spent his life, and the little good sense he had received from nature, in reading, studying, and learning by heart all the genealogies of Europe.

This cousin, who was the Count Herald, on the first evening after his arrival, asked my father in a tone of indifference, whether he knew where Marchese Orsini lived at Florence. My father frowned, and answered, that he knew nothing of him. ' Three weeks ago,' rejoined Herald, ' as I passed through Vienna I dined at the house of General Laudhon, on the day of his daughter's marriage with the son of that Marchese. The young man, whom I found very amiable, understanding that I was going to Florence, gave me a letter for his father, and made me promise to describe to his family the pleasures of the marriage feast, and the bliss he enjoys with his bride.

My father frowned again, without answering, and the cruel Herald continued to relate how the young lady had fallen in love with Octavian, that the Emperor had deigned to favour the union, and that a regiment had been the dowry of the bride. Notwithstanding my efforts to conceal my emotions, my strength forsook me, and I fell senseless into my mother's arms. A violent fever was the conse-

quence of this unexpected blow. It was long, tedious, and painful, and endangered my life. My mother did not leave me an instant; my father shewed me the most tender attentions, he passed the night by my side, called me his dearest child, and seemed to have restored his heart to me. This change in his conduct affected me so much, that in a moment of filial tenderness, when he asked me with tears in his eyes, 'how his Valeria felt?' I encircled his neck with my arms, and exclaimed, 'yes I am your Valeria; I am your docile child; and the only wish of my heart will always be to fulfil your desires.'

These words decided my fate. I had perceived for some time that my father intended to unite me with Herakli, and he now declared his intention, without enforcing, but imploring my obedience. Octavian was married and faithless, I was indignant against him; I wished to avenge myself, by loving another, I consented, and gave my word.

The preparations for my marriage were made with a dreadful celerity. My father redoubled his caresses, Herakli loaded me with presents.—The deed was signed, and I was led to the altar.

With forced indifference I pronounced the painful vow, and after the service, left the choir, followed by my family. Herakli, who could not contain his joy, held my hand,

and we slowly marched towards the church door, when, as I advanced to take holy water, I raised my eyes, and beheld a youth, pale and disordered, leaning against a pillar. His eyes were wildly fixed upon me, he approached, and cried, in a faltering voice, 'I desired to see you accomplish your horrid crime, Valeria; I have seen it, and am resolved to die!'

*(To be concluded next week.)*

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#### MISCELLANEOUS.

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*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

MR. EDITOR,

I AM an old man, scarcely able to write an intelligible hand, but have been so perplexed in my mind about the contents of some letters the post boy brought me last week, that I concluded to try my old stiff fingers once more. I therefore asked some of the young beaux and belles, what public magazine was most approved of now-a-days, and they all recommended your Miscellany. So Mr. Editor, after procuring pen, ink, and paper, I put on my spectacles, and sat down in my easy arm'd chair to trouble you with stating a few observations, which perhaps, may, in some measure, have their intended effect.

My father's was one of the most ancient Dutch families who first

settled this city; I can well remember hearing him tell of importing from Holland the bricks of his house in Broad-street. After his decease, I became the possessor of one of those family mansions: in which I had the good fortune of raising a pretty numerous family: and although I had no inconsiderable share of trouble in guarding them from the follies and vices of the town: yet I can truly say I have been more than amply remunerated for all my most anxious solicitude, in seeing them all handsomely established, and doing well in this truly favoured and happy country.

After residing a considerable time in Broad-street, and age creeping on apace, I inclined to seek that repose and solitude which is most pleasing in the down-hill of life, and which my residence at that time but ill afforded: for my house which in my young days appeared like a small castle, or a country seat, became so close jammed in between others much larger, that I could scarcely distinguish my old house, or find room for a wood pile. I therefore built a snug two story dwelling on a little farm on the north river side; when lo! in a few years after the times that tried all our souls, as if the multitude were determined to haunt my peaceful abode, I was again penned up like a pig in a sty: consequently I again hobbled off, and left your Partition-streets, your Vesey-streets, and your Barclay-

streets, for other people to plough, resolving to have room to breathe a little fresh air, and be out of the hearing of the noisy carts. So I pitched my tent a few miles further up the north river; and indeed I am fearful that if I do not die soon, your Greenwich-streets, and Greenwich towns will drive me quite off my native island, or into the wilderness, for what I know.

Now, Mr. Editor, to come more to the subject for which this address was intended, it will not be improper to inform you that among all my numerous offspring of children, grand children, and great grand children, I have ever been considered as the family censor; scarcely any thing of importance transpires but what I am consulted and advised with, in some of which cases I have had no ordinary degree of anxiety and trouble, and in none more so than what was occasioned by the receipt of the following letters concerning a very favourite great grand daughter of mine in Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR,

You have often proved a patron of the distressed.—To you I fly for relief.—In short, I love, and am beloved by Edgar. My father is not reconciled to it; and my brother-in-law, who assumes much influence in the family, though he has been a long time acquainted with it, constantly interferes to prevent our mutual inclinations. But what most of all torments me, is,

that if ever I speak in commendation of my lover, he is much louder in his praises than myself, and professes that it is out of pure love and esteem for Edgar, as well as myself, that he can never consent we should marry each other, when (as he terms it) we may both do so much better. Your thoughts on this subject will have much influence with my father and brother-in-law, and ever receive the thanks and gratitude of your disconsolate and unhappy

HENRIETTA STANHOPE.

DEAR GRANDFATHER,

I am again compelled to apply to you for advice—an attachment subsists between my Henrietta and Edgar, a young merchant of this city; I have not the least fault to find with his character or disposition, and Henrietta's mother, and all her friends, except my son-in-law, are perfectly agreed to the match; but I am fearful that as his capital is small, and being naturally very generous and indulgent, he will not do well.—Your opinion on this occasion would be a great consolation to

ROBERT STANHOPE.

DEAR SIR,

Henrietta has been so undutiful as to fall in love with one Edgar, of her own accord. I am too wise to let my connexions have their own wills in a business like marriage. There were two gentlemen of very great fortunes, made their addresses to Henrietta last winter, and Edgar was also offered a young

lady with a large estate, but it seems they could neither of them think, that accepting those matches, would be doing better than remaining constant to their first passion—my wife and I never pretended to love one another like your Henrietta's and your Edgar's; and yet, if you saw our fire-side, you would be satisfied we are not always a squabbling. For my part, I think that where man and woman come together by their own good liking, there is so much fondling and fooling, that it hinders young people from minding their business; indeed Henrietta and Edgar ought never to get married, they are too much alike, their very dispositions and manners are precisely the same, and I'm sure they will never do well or be happy together—I must therefore request you to let my sister-in-law know that she ought to act like a dutiful daughter, and marry the man she does not care for. In old times people were all bid to marry first, and love would come afterwards, and I don't see why girls should now act otherwise—I am resolved Henriettashan't. Yours, &c.

ISAAC SELFINTEREST.

There is no calamity in life, Mr. Editor, that falls heavier upon human nature, than a disappointment in love, especially when it happens between two persons whose hearts are mutually engaged to each other. It is this distress which has given occasion to some of the finest tragedies that were ever written.

and daily fills the world with melancholy, discontent, phrenzy, sickness, despair, and death. I have often been astonished at the barbarity of friends, who so frequently interpose their authority in this grand article of life. I would fain ask those who are opposed to Henrietta's marriage, whether they think they can bestow a greater favour on her, than to put her in a way of being happy? whether a man of Edgar's character, with a small fortune, in good business, is not more likely to contribute to that end, than many a young fellow whom they may have in their thoughts, with a large estate? whether they can make amends to her by any increase of riches, for the loss of that happiness she proposes to herself in her Edgar? or, whether they could compound with Henrietta to be miserable, though she were to get twenty thousand pound by the bargain? I suppose they would have her reflect, with esteem, on their memory after their death: and do they think this a proper method to make her do so, when, as often as she thinks of the loss of her Edgar, she must at the same time remember them as the cruel cause of it? Any transient ill humour is soon forgotten; but the reflection of such a cruelty must continue to raise resentments as long as life shall last; and by this one piece of barbarity, an indulgent relative loses the merit of all past kindnesses. It is not impossible but she may be deceived in the happiness which she proposes

from Edgar; but as in such a case she can have no one to blame but herself, she will bear the disappointment with greater patience; but if she never makes the experiment, however happier she may be with another, she will still think she might have been more so with Edgar. There is a kind of sympathy in souls that fits them for each other; and we may be assured, when we see two persons engaged in the warmth of a mutual affection, that there are certain qualities in both their minds which bear a resemblance to one another. This unison of souls may ever be considered as the greatest security of happiness in the married state. A generous and constant passion in an agreeable lover, where there is not too great a disparity in other circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can befall the person beloved; and if overlooked in one, may, perhaps, never be found in another. I shall conclude with a celebrated instance of a father's indulgence in this particular, which, though carried to an extravagance, has something in it so tender and amiable, as may justly reproach the harshness of temper, and improper conduct of many connexions who imperiously take upon themselves the concern and direction, in the very momentous transaction of matrimony.

Antiochus, a prince of great hopes, fell passionately in love with the young queen Stratonice, who was his mother-in-law, and had

borne a son to the old king Seluccus his father. The young prince finding it impossible to extinguish his passion, fell sick, and refused all manner of nourishment, being determined to put an end to that life which was become insupportable.

Erasistratus, the physician, soon found that love was his distemper; and observing the alteration in his pulse and countenance, whenever Stratonice made him a visit, was soon satisfied that he was dying for his young mother-in-law.

Knowing the old king's tenderness for his son, when he one morning enquired of his health, he told him that the prince's distemper was love, but that it was incurable, because it was impossible for him to possess the person whom he loved. The king, surprised at this account, desired to know how his son's passion could be incurable? Why, sir, replied Erasistratus, because he is in love with the person I am married to.

The old king immediately conjured him by all his past favours, to save the life of his son and successor. Sir, said Erasistratus, would your majesty but fancy yourself in my place, you would see the unreasonableness of what you desire? Heaven is my witness, said the king, I could even resign my Stratonice, to save my son. At this the tears ran down his cheeks, which when the physician saw, taking him by the hand, sir, says he, if these are your real sentiments,

the prince's life is out of danger; it is Stratonice for whom he dies. The king immediately gave orders for solemnizing the marriage; and the young queen, to shew her obedience, very generously exchanged the father for the son.

I have now, Mr. Editor, given at some length my sentiments on those occasions, should you be so kind as to publish the above in your useful miscellany, I will enclose one copy to Henrietta in Philadelphia; and the others most likely will be seen by my numerous offspring in this city, many of whom, perhaps, are too much influenced by pecuniary considerations in the all important transaction of matrimony.

SIMON OLDCASTLE.

New-York, Jan. 25, 1808.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL  
DISCOVERABLE BY THE LIGHT  
OF REASON.

THOSE who have adopted the gloomy tenets of materialism, assert that the nobler part of man must perish with his body. They disclaim all arguments drawn from the scriptures which predominate with irresistible evidence of divinity, and are as clearly the work of omniscience as the sun which blazes through the planetary world. I will not avail myself of their aid. I will appeal to unassisted reason.

I will combat this unnatural doctrine by weapons purely mortal. My first argument I draw from the immateriality of the soul. Corporeal nature is composed of ingredients, and constituted of parts. The matter of our bodies is the same as that of the vegetable and animal existences around us. What is composed may be separated, and what is complex may be dissolved, but the soul is simple, without composition, and without complexity, and therefore insusceptible of death.

If the mind depended upon the specific particles of our bodies, any derangement of these particles would necessarily diminish its energy, or prove partially destructive to its existence. If organization and intellection are insuperably connected, any loss or addition of particles would produce a mental revolution. Naturalists inform us that these changes are continually taking place, so that according to these profound theorists the intellect of man is subject to innumerable vicissitudes: We must have one mind in infancy, at youth another, and another at manhood. We have no security that this capricious revolutionizing being will always have the same faculties: what security can we enjoy that our notions of moral and political rectitude will remain invariable, that our belief of the Newtonian system of astronomy will never be shaken, that an American will never cease to venerate Washing-

ton's thrice glorious name. If a leg or an arm be amputated, it must be attended with what you will allow me to call an intellectual amputation. A man's memory may be amputated, and his imagination may be amputated and so may his volition. A celebrated philosopher has held that mind results exclusively from a certain structure of the brain, he says they co-increase in energy, and mutually decline. I shall leave it to my readers to judge whether old age universally impairs the faculties of mind. Can you not recollect some who have triumphantly surmounted the infirmities of age, rose superior to material decay, and preserved an unclouded reason till death had extinguished the vital lamp? to the honor of my nature I pronounce the names of Newton, Johnson, and Burke.

Notwithstanding these brilliant exceptions which irrefutably disprove the visionary theorist, men, when they have nearly attained the bourne of their sublunary course, very often fall into dotage. Some who in the meridian of life irradiated the world with refulgent genius, have, at its close, returned to the simplicity and weakness of the infant age. From this state instances of recovery may be produced, talents have revived from apparent annihilation, and shone with renovated lustre. Once more they have held their illuminating course thro' the profundities of science, and mysteries of nature, exploring

what was dark, and solving what was intricate, displaying energies unimpaired by the desolating hand of time, and the waste of revolving years. Nothing can exempt animated matter from change, decline, and dissolution. Were mind subject to the same laws, the longer it existed the more would it be enfeebled. Let the absurdity be discarded. Some have lived almost an age, and yet preserved retentiveness of memory, force of imagination, and sublimity of genius.

The human soul is susceptible of unbounded improvement. Its excursions into the regions of knowledge are absolutely limitless. From this a strong presumption of its immortality arises. Casting our eyes through the visible creation, we find all things punctiliously adjusted to the end which they were intended to serve. The sun which was destined to enlighten the planets that race around his genial fires, probably extends not his light and heat far beyond them. To regions distantly removed from his central point he appears a star in the lofty firmament, and sheds on them a twinkling ray. The green pastures yield nourishment to the beasts of the field. The rivulet and the brook offer the refreshing draught, the forest affords shelter from the summer heat, and wintry blast. To the propagation of their kind, they are instinctively prompted. Farther their necessities and desires are not enlarged. Though man with them partici-

pates sensual propensities, and requires sustenance from the earth, he is not altogether the same. They perish and moulder into dust—their dissolution is a final extinction of their being. The grave shall receive man—shall receive his body, but within him there is an immortal spirit, which shall never die. It is astonishing that any should have contended that the end of both is similar. Because the bird curiously builds her nest, she has therefore reason, because the dog is faithful to his master, he has therefore a sense of moral duty, and because the wolves behold or howl the moon, it might be conjectured they are studious of astronomy. We cannot perfectly understand in what either reason or instinct consists, but little sagacity is sufficient to discover that the nest is constructed exactly the same from age to age, without alteration or improvement.

HENRY LUMEN.

*New-York, Jan. 25, 1808.*

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THE SELECTOR.

No. 11.

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AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

ON one of the many bridges in Ghent, stand two brazen images of a father and son, who obtained this distinguished mark of admiration of their fellow citizens by the following incidents :

Both the father and the son

were, for some offence against the state, condemned to die. Some favourable circumstances appearing on the side of the son, he was granted a remission of his share of the punishment upon certain provisions. In short he was offered a pardon on the most cruel and barbarous condition that ever entered into the mind of even Monkish barbarity; namely, *that he should become the executioner of his father!* He at first resolutely refused to preserve his life by means so fatal and detestible. This is not to be wondered at. For it is to be hoped for the honour of our nature that there are but few, very few sons who would not have spurned with abhorrence, life, sustained on conditions so horrid and unnatural.—The son, though long inflexible, at length overcome by the tears and entreaties of a fond father, who represented to him that, at all events, his (the father's) life was forfeited, and that it would be the greatest possible consolation to him in his last moments, to think that in his death he was the instrument of his son's preservation. The youth consented to adopt the horrible means of recovering his life and liberty. He lifted the axe—but, as it was about to fall, his arm sunk nerveless, and the axe dropped from his hand! Had he as many lives as hairs, he could have yielded them all, one after the other, rather than again conceive, much less perpetrate such an act. Life, liberty, and every thing vanished before the dearer interests of filial

affection. He fell upon his father's neck and triumphantly exclaimed, "My father, my father, we will die together." And then called for another executioner to fulfil the sentence of the law.

Hard must their hearts indeed be, bereft of every sentiment of virtue, every sensation of humanity, who could stand insensible spectators of such a scene. A sudden peal of involuntary applauses, mixed with groans and sighs, rent the air. The execution was suspended—and on a simple representation of the transactions, both were pardoned; high reward and honours were conferred on the son, and finally, those two admirable brazen images were raised to commemorate a transaction so honourable to human nature, and to transmit it for the instruction and emulation of posterity. The statue represents the son in the very act of letting fall the axe.

THE late Mr. Townshend walking down Broad-street, Bristol, during an illumination, observed a boy breaking every window which had not a light in it. Mr. T. asked him how he dared to destroy people's windows in that wanton manner? O, said the urchin, it is all for the good of the trade—I'm a glazier!" "All for the good of the trade, is it?" said Mr. T. raising his cane, and breaking the boy's head, "there then, you rascal, that is for the good of *my* trade, I'm a surgeon."

## SINGULAR CUSTOM.

*From Salvo's Travels.*

"I COULD NOT help enquiring after the husbands of some of the ladies at Wilna, [in Poland ;] and was answered, that they generally lived at their estates, or in other cities. It was natural to infer, that the sole object of matrimony was merely that of preserving the inheritance in the family. When once the heir is born, the husband and wife live separate ; and to render this perfectly unquestionable, the lady is allowed the exclusive enjoyment of all her property. This convention is so strictly adhered to, that at the house of a Countess where I had frequently dined, the husband, on coming occasionally, actually paid for his board and lodging there."

## ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

AFTER Johnson had published his works, he received a *pension* for his literary labours, from the Crown. Having observed under the word *pensioner*, in his own dictionary, that it was rather of a scurvy import, and conveyed that of a "mean, beggarly," fellow, he wished to alter that word in the next edition of his work, but his publishers would not permit him ; and his dictionary still remains a testimony of his adherence to *truth*, when *interest* had no charms to sway his mind.

## DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

The two following anecdotes are

instances of the *habitual parsimony* of this otherwise very celebrated character :—One night, before a very important battle which was fought the next day, Prince Eugene, who had just left the council of war, recollected he had something to say to the Duke, which he did not think proper to communicate before the rest of the general officers ; he therefore returned privately to the Duke's tent, where he found this great man, who a few minutes before had given the most conspicuous proofs of his firmness and military abilities, employing himself in making paper extinguishers, to put out the candles.

The other anecdote was related by a general officer, who died a few years ago ; and that was, "That he had seen the Duke of Marlborough marching at the head of his regiment, darning a pair of old mittens."

MANY a one for the sake of fine rry on the back, has gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their families : silks and sattins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.

HEHODORUS says that women are a compound of *trees*, viz : old maids of *crabtree* ; the tender hearted of *weeping willow* ; and the stubborn of *knotted oak* ! Had the old Greek been in Bartholemew Fair on Monday evening, he might with truth have added, that the hands of some of the fair sex are made of *box wood* !

*Len. Jac.*

## ADVANTAGES OF SIMPLE LIFE.

MANY are the silent pleasures of the honest peasant. He rises cheerfully to his labour. Looks into his dwelling where the scene of every man's happiness chiefly lies—he has the same domestic endearments, as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well, to enliven his hours and glad his heart, as you could conceive in the most affluent situation: and I make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and sufferings were balanced with those of his betters, that the result would prove that the rich man had more meat, but the poor man the better stomach; the one had more luxury, and more able physicians to set him to rights—the other, more health and soundness in his bones, and less occasion for their help;—that after these two articles were balanced between them, in other things they stood upon a level, for the sun shines as warm, the air blows as fresh upon the one, as on the other, and they have an equal share in all the beauties and real benefits of nature. *Pastime.*

Let the contemner of American genius, let the man who asks, Where are our poets? read the following extract from the works of the late John Blair Linn.

By Adam's disobedience earth was curs'd  
In Nature's garden thorns and thistles  
grew:  
Chill o'er the vallies swept the howling  
blast,

The thunders roar'd—the earthquake  
shook the globe:  
The mountains pour'd their streams of  
liquid fire,  
And, like a giant, fell Disease arose  
And blew o'er earth his pestilential  
breath.  
A train of evils followed on his steps;  
There came Misfortune with his iron  
scythe  
Dropping with human blood; there En-  
vy stalk'd  
And fann'd the flames of hell—fell Fury  
there  
Yell'd to the winds and stamp'd the hel-  
low ground;  
Telling her sorrows to the listening  
night,  
There came wan Melancholy slowly on;  
Folded her arms upon her heaving bo-  
som,  
Her face directed to the dewy Moon.  
There came Remorse absorb'd in gloo-  
my thought:  
There rush'd Despair—his dark eyes  
roll'd in blood;  
He tore the mantle from his raging  
breast,  
And plung'd his dagger in his heart—  
There came  
Poor Lunacy in tatter'd robes, and  
wav'd  
A straw, and told the kingdoms which  
he rul'd.  
Lastly came Death, cloth'd in his night  
of terrors,  
And clasp'd his victims in his shivering  
arms.

Madame Dacier was desired by a German Prince, to write a sentence in his Album, as a memorial of the visit that he had paid to a woman of her great learning. She modestly wrote in it, from Euripides,  
"Silence is the greatest ornament of a woman."

PARENTS are exceedingly mistaken in thinking that the future honor and happiness of their children depend upon having large estates left to them. It frequently happens that those do not live by far so usefully and respectably as those who had little or no patrimony at all.

If we wish to make a matter public, the best way is to whisper it to a friend under the injunction of profound secrecy. We may be sure then that in a few days the whole neighbourhood will ring with it.

WEDDED pairs, who have opposite dispositions, and are perpetually squabbling with each other, make one think of the union between the *swallow* and the *snipe*. The first, says the fable, was never pleased in *winter*, the latter was never displeased but in the *summer*.

It is better to lose a friend by too great frankness, than to have the meanness to deceive, in order to please him.

*Written extempore, upon the command of the Passions.*

CÆSAR'S have conquered troops and towns,  
And rais'd their names to great renown;  
But he that can his passion sway,  
And make his tyrant will obey,  
Approves himself by greater far,  
Than all those godlike sons of war.

*Written Extempore.*

VIRTUE, when tried, comes forth like choicest gold—

Gives grace to youth ; our noblest gem,  
when old.

Sir,—The following correct calculation of the number of stitches in a plain shirt, may possibly draw the attention of your fair readers.

LETTIA GUSSET.

In sewing the collar, 4 rows,	3006
Sewing the ends,	500
Button holes, and sewing on the buttons,	150
Sewing on the collar, and gathering the neck,	1204
Stitching the wristbands,	1228
Sewing the ends of ditto,	63
Button holes,	148
Hemming the slits,	164
Gathering the sleeves,	840
Setting on wristbands,	1468
Stitching shoullder straps, 3 rows each,	1880
Sewing the sleeves,	2554
Sewing in sleeves and gussets,	3050
Taping the sleeves,	1526
Sewing the seams,	818
Setting the side gussets,	424
Hemming the bosom,	1101
Total number of stitches,	20,649.

A few copies of the fifth volume of the *Lady's Miscellany*, half bound, or in sheets, for sale at this office.

We have received several communications, and shall notice them next week.

#### MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening the 19th inst. by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Nathaniel S. Bond, to Miss Margaret Kelly, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. John Stanford, Mr. Thomas Smith, to Miss Sarah S. Wiltsie, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Alexander Read, printer, to Miss Jane M'Conochi, of this city.

## POETRY.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

SAY, when the captive bosom feels  
A magic spell around it wove,  
While o'er the cheek the soft blush steals  
Say, is it love?

With pensive mein, and serious face,  
To seek the dark embowering grove,  
The pale moon's quivering beams to trace,  
Say, is it love?

When chain'd to one dear lonely spot  
The bosom feels no wish to rove,  
All other scenes of bliss forgot—  
Say, is it love?

To tremble while our fancy's eye  
A thousand dreadful visions move;  
To hope, to fear, to weep, to sigh,  
Say, is it love?

To seek occasions false and weak,  
The darling object to reprove;  
To look what language fails to speak—  
Say, is it love?

To chide for every trivial crime,  
To bid him from your rage remove;  
To gild with hope the wings of time—  
Say, is it love?

To know no cheerful morn of rest,  
No balmy hour of sleep to prove;  
To hold philosophy a jest—  
Say, is it love?

To cherish grief nor dare complain,  
To envy sainted souls above,  
While jealous anguish rends the brain,  
Say, is it love?

Long am I doom'd, alas! to grieve—  
Against the fell enchantment strive—

Then fate ah let me cease to live,  
Or cease to love—  
New-York, Jan. 26, 1808. L. P.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO MISS

TELL me, fair one, tell me true,  
Who the happy mortal is,  
That you'd wish to share with you,  
All your love and beauty too;  
Tell me if your heart is his;  
Tell me, fair one, tell me true.

Speak! O speak! don't hesitate!  
None can love you more than I:  
Then in mercy tell my fate;  
Give me hope before too late;  
Shall I live, or must I die?  
Tell me, fair one, tell me true.  
New-York, Jan. 25. 1808. C.

A I R.

THAT sleeping beauty near yon tree  
I've often wish'd to wake;  
Yet were those eyes to wake on me,  
The heart they warm might break.

How could I wish some danger near  
To shorten her repose,  
The least surprise might bring a tear,  
And blame increase my woes.

Oh what shall rob thee of thy rest,  
When there's no danger nigh,  
Except what's passing from this breast,  
The supplicating sigh.

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